

UNDER A CLOUD; —OR— CLEARING HIMSELF.

The Thrilling and Absorbing Story
of a Great Crime.

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OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

Presently, a man who was buried in a
newspaper at some distance rose, stretched
himself, and approached.

He did not look at Childer, but paused
with his back to him, and began humming a
popular air. "Clippie!" he said, suddenly,
over his shoulder.

It was the signal for which Lyman had
been waiting, yet he started visibly, while
the gloom on his face deepened.

"Ay, ay!" he returned. "You take your
own time to make yourself known after call-
ing me here."

"I wanted to get out of your job. A
man has to be careful who he associates with
in a place like this."

The fellow leered insolently as he said it.
He had turned by this time and taken the
empty seat at the table, helping himself to
the viands that had been placed there with-
out his knowledge.

"If you've no idea of filling an empty
capacity, I will," he remarked, complacently.
"Folks as comes here generally eat."

"Will you be kind enough to come to one
of your business with me?"

"All in good time, boss. Pleasure first,
business afterwards. Which bein' the case,
mebbe you kin tell me how the gentleman
is as was waylaid 'tween us?"

A sudden gleam shot through the gloom
of Lyman Childer's countenance.

"It doesn't say much for you, if that's
the best you can do, answered coolly. "The
friend you inquire for will soon be able to
call on you, and with a little help, you
should have made a better job of it."

"Twasn't me made that try, boss. Ketch
this kid nappin'! Well, yer! But say! for a
nicket I could tell you the two as did—who'd
it over again, 'tween a mistake, if they had
a little coaxin'."

CHAPTER X.

A faint smile dawned on the lip of Lyman
Childer. He looked straight back into his
companion's eyes without speaking. It was
the latter who began to twist and redden
unconsciously.

"You're a regular gimble to go through
a body," he complained. "Why don't you
say somethin'! I don't like folks as takes
it all out in thinkin'."

"Shall I repeat your own elegant remark
of 'catch this kid nappin'?' My friend, you
did not send the message which brought me
to this hole simply to make that propo-
sition to me. Keep yourself to the business
which will be 'greatly to my advantage
to hear.' The last quoted a trifle scornfully
from an ill-written and ill-spelled message
which had been placed in his hands that day.

"Hush!" warned the other, with a glance
around. "Don't you call names about the
place here. There's no tellin' who might
hear it. You ain't got no word about that
makin' package of your'n, I reckon?"

"I have not."

"Well, it's that I sent to see you about
I've got onto the track of the cove what
corralled it. If you hire me for the job,
I'll run him into the ditch—I'll corner him
so tight that he can't save him."

"Another detective in the field, eh?" still
with that slight, mocking smile playing
upon his countenance. "It is upon the prin-
ciple of 'set a thief to catch a thief' that you
offer yourself, I suppose?"

"Look you, boss," said the man, im-
pressively. "If you work with me you couldn't
say things like that here and get off scot
free. For your own good, be a little quiet-
er. An' now what do you say?"

"When I have any anxiety about that
package, I will let you know, Mr.—What
shall I call you?"

"I'm Riddle is my name. Red Tom is
a good enough handle for me."

"Well, then, Red Tom, I respectfully in-
form you that I have no need of your ser-
vices. The regular detectives employed are
good enough for me."

"They're a thousand miles off from the
truth an' goin' farder. You'll never get
them no goods back through the detectives,
sir, unless somebody blows the scheme that
was worked."

Lyman looked at him inquiringly as if he
expected him to say something more, but as
nothing more came, he answered, quiet-
ly:

"You should offer your services to the
express company; they might have need of
them, I have not. If that is the end and
aim of your desire to see me, we may as
well close our interview now."

Red Tom leaned toward him and dropped
his voice even lower in its assured and con-
fidential tone.

"Mebbe you'd rather hire me to track
the papers an' thief, boss. I'm as open
to that sort of business as 't'other. Think
it over for a minute afore you say no."

There was a change in Lyman Childer's
face, try as he would to keep it impassive.

"What do you mean?" he asked, sharply.

"Just this: I've heard that you've come
into a fortune, boss. Now, 'sposen them
ere papers was meant to keep it away from
you, 'sposen that'd be a sight better fur you
if they never got to you, 't'ud be worth
while payin' a feller to let the business
alone, wouldn't it? Kind of a fortune-
telling thing, that 'ere robbery, in such a case.
'Sposen again that the feller who got them
papers was all right when he found out that
they was—thought he was makin' a
big haul and found himself left. Naturally,
he wants to know how to turn the thing to
the best account, an' we'll 'sposen farder,
that he appoints me as a go-between to see

throw me out of the fortune. I should
certainly make a fight for it if such papers
came up, but I don't believe in them. Tell
me plainly what you are after—to palm off
the contents of that sort on me for a consid-
eration?"

"Now, boss, as a man of honor, you'd
never want to see any thing of 'em, you
know. Tain't needful that you should believe
'em, 'sposen there is no great hurry, an' you
kin take your own time to think what
you'd like to do fur him, but I'm out o'
work jest now, an' I'd kind o' like to con-
sider myself under hire to you."

"What you speaking for your friend or
yourself when you made me your first offer
—on Bergman's account?"

"Red Tom grinned. "I reckon either of
'em 'ud be good fur a job o' that kind. Tell
you, boss, it 'tween you, your while to take
me up. You kin give me a retainin' fee—
nup here, I'll go outside with you. Then, if
you wants me, you have only to send a let-
ter in care of Mike Maloney, at this 'ere
hotel."

"You don't suppose I have much money
about me on a trip of this kind, do you?
Here is a ten-dollar bill—you are welcome
to it. You shall hear from me if I ever
have need of you."

"All right, boss. When kin I have your
answer for my friend?"

"When I see you again. Tell your friend
not to burn my high. I may not care to
make terms with him."

There was a visitor awaiting Mr. Childer
when he reached his home at a somewhat
later hour—a visitor whom Carol had been
expecting, though she did not like the
idea of his coming.

"Hello, Childer; you take your time to
getting around after business is over, it
strikes me. Miss Carol tells me you have
been playing the Good Samaritan, waiting
for the sick. New role for you, isn't it?
Looks as if it hadn't agreed with you,
either."

"I had a long walk after leaving Carol—
business. In dinner waiting, she says."

Carol slipped away to see, hoping their
guest would not stay, but he did. He and
Lyman appeared in the dining-room, chat-
ting sociably. The latter had got rid of his
anxiety at first sight of Carol, and exerted
himself to be agreeable to her.

"You have things to say to me, I suppose,"
he said, looking at her. "You have things
to say to me, I suppose."

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"You have things to say to me, I suppose,"
he said, looking at her. "You have things
to say to me, I suppose."

yet, apparently, for he and Mr. Everleigh
retired to the study, and Norris was sum-
moned to join them after the first half-hour.

"I've been turning over an idea all week,
and now that Childer is here, it is time to
speak of it. We are bound to need extra
help. You, Lyman, have just been showing
me how we can extend our connections, but
an iron rule could not stand the work you
are laying out for yourself. Now, here is
Norris with nothing to do, and he is a lad I
can trust. Why should we not take him in,
give him a clerkship first, with the promise
of advancing him to the cashier's place? I
am sure we can do better, nor, I think,
can he."

"There can be no doubt about the last,"
said Norris, gratefully, then looked search-
ingly at Childer in an effort to read his
thoughts.

The younger partner had a set smile on
his face, but beneath it Norris fancied he
could detect reluctance and dislike, though
what he said was mildly in favor of the
plan.

"Any one you recommend, Mr. Everleigh,
of course will be satisfactory to me. In
view of the future it will be well enough;

still there is no hurry. Bergman will hardly
be in working trim before the first of the
year."

"I feel well enough now, so far as that is
concerned; but if I decide to accept your
kind offer, I should prefer starting in at
that time. I must pay Uncle Ames a visit
meanwhile. He will not regard your offer
as gratifying. I am, my dear sir, old friends
through you are."

"No, I forgot to mention that he called
on me to-day. The new bee in his bonnet
is making a great buzz. He wants to go
into the detective business, and he says he
would not interfere with your case, so
came to me for employment. He wanted
the details of my loss of a year ago, and
thought that something might be saved to
me yet. By the way, the police have con-
firmed the rumor that Edson is dead. The
fellow was a rascal, and all but ruined
me, yet I can't help feeling sorry for him."

"I've always believed there was a bolder
villain back of him. I don't think it was
him to concoct and carry out that scheme
alone. If you want work in the line that
mystery for you to unravel, I dare
say, if the truth ever comes to light, we
will find that Edson benched little bit of
the money he took. I would give something
to have the affair cleared up, if only to settle
the morbid doubts that come to me some-
times. Being cheated once, I must go on
fancying that I am at the mercy of thieves
and traitors—another question why I shall
be glad to take you in, Norris. Supported by
two such stout pillars as you and Lyman,
I hope to get back my faith in human kind."

Well, you, Uncle Ames has his little
eccentricities, but a kinder heart—an
honest soul—God never put in a man's
body. But come, now that every thing is
settled, let us join the ladies. They will
think we have deserted them."

Taking it for granted that every thing was
settled, he led the way out.

It was not through any intention that Nor-
ris Bergman's eyes were fixed upon Childer
during the speech of this speech, but
some change of expression caught his sight
first—a creeping glare mounting on his
dark skin and changing it to a dull, leaden
hue, then a look that was flashed at him
of defiance, resistance. For a moment he
knew what he had done, but he had his little
trick up his sleeve, and brought back the color
to his face by sheer force of will.

A cold shiver ran over the nerves of the
observer. His eyes sank, a horrible
suspicion went over him that Lyman Childer
was the deeper villain behind the ab-
sconding cashier. The idea came and was
dismissed in a moment, yet having been
entered the parlor, and taking the seat by
his side, he soon forgot the unpleasant im-
pression the interview had given him. He
felt that he could not entertain a doubt of
any one nor be the use of good fortune com-
ing to us if we were not to take the pleasure
of it. It would disappoint you as much
as me to go, and you know it."

"Would it disappoint you, Carol?" asked
Lyman, smiling wolfishly. "Well, in that
case, I'll see to it myself."

Carol greeted most warmly by Miss
Everleigh, and kept for a half-hour's chat
in the room which was to be hers during
her stay. Then they went down to the
drawing-room, but Althea turned back at
the door.

"Go in," she said. "You will find a
friend of yours there. Excuse me a mo-
ment, please. I must lay out papa's dress-
ing-gown and slippers. I really had no
idea it was so late."

So Carol entered alone, and a young man
who rose rather listlessly out of a deep
lounging chair, flushed suddenly radiant in
the consciousness of his surprise.

"So, you are the expected visitor!" he
exclaimed. "How delightful! Do you know,
I was half-dreading the meeting with this
Althea's young lady friend, and felt in-
clined to beat a retreat without ceremony. I
am not drilled in the ways of society, you
probably know, and am very easily put
out of countenance. You don't know what a
relief—a what a pleasure this is."

"I can imagine," laughed Carol, mentally
deciding that he was handsome for the state
of invalidism he had passed through. He
told her that he had been gaining every day,
and only submitted to Althea's demands
upon him because he had had nothing
definite in view—not that he felt the need
of further rest."

Still, it was proved that he was not averse
to petting, and the two girls vied in mak-
ing the time pass pleasantly for him. Mr.
Everleigh was well pleased at having the
young man there; Norris caught his eyes
on him now and then, with a speculative
look in them, and the young man found
himself blushing as he tried to decide what
it meant.

"If it were not too presumptuous to sup-
pose, I should say he thinks I am making
love to Althea and is not averse to it; but
then he would not be unkind to a coal-
heaver if she were to fancy him. Now,
know she is only kind to me as a sister to
a brother, but—but I wish she did not
show it quite so much at all times."

This thought came when Carol began to
draw away from them in the evenings.
Norris thought he read a suspicion of some-
thing which did not please her in her looks;
and, in truth, Carol was disappointed that
Miss Everleigh manifested no great interest
in her brother as the days went by. Ly-
man had not availed himself of his invita-
tion, and when Carol made inquiries, Mr.
Everleigh reported him steeped in business,
taking more from his shoulders than there
was any need, in fact, yet it was evident
that the senior partner was pleased at the
enterprise of his young associate.

However, toward the end of the week he
came, and it was as usual. At last
Norris saw him, but he did not believe
that he was not out of his mind.

He saw him, but he did not believe
that he was not out of his mind.

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THE DAIRY.
—The first half hour after the milk
leaves the cow is what decides its ex-
cellence.

—If milk is made it must get its
value from the food, or robbery from the
body of the cow herself, and that in the
end is always dearly obtained.

—Country Gentleman.
—It is generally the best cows that
are most liable to get fat; and of course
these are the cows to which one can
best afford to give care and attention
at the time of coming in.—Ohio Farmer.

—The cost of feeding a two-gallon
cow, including her care, feed and labor,
is not greatly different from a cow giv-
ing twice as much, and if the product
of the former is sold at about fifty per
cent. below top prices, the profits of
dairying are indeed small.—Country
Gentleman.

—Mr. Hoard says that those who
know that pure lard keeps sweet with-
out salt, ought to think a little before
they conclude that it is the salt that
keeps butter. Make butter as near to
pure fat as possible, and all the salt it
needs is enough to suit the palate of the
consumer.—Rural New Yorker.

—While it is easy to get salt to dis-
solve in water that marks fifty degrees,
on the other hand it is not so easy to
get the surplus water out of butter at
that temperature. The finishing touches
should be given to butter at not less
than sixty degrees, and then there is no
trouble in getting out the unneeded
moisture.—N. Y. Times.

—It is better for milk that has to be
transported to be cooled down only a
few degrees and this done by some
form of aeration, such as pouring or a
similar process. As a rule, lowering
the temperature of milk ten degrees by
airing, will be far better than the use
of ice and a low temperature, unless
the ice can go on the journey with the
milk.—Philadelphia Press.

—Water is rarely pure enough for the
manufacture of the very best butter,
and no pond water, running stream or
swamp ditch is free from myriads of
those germs which feed upon decaying
organic matter in it. To examine a
drop of water from any one of these
sources through a cheap and simple
microscope, would be a revelation to a
dairyman of surprising interest and
value.—Practical Farmer, etc.

—Butter and cheese are articles that
are for the consumer. We can not
make a man eat a pound of indifferently
made cheese to please us. It must
please him. Then he buys, is delighted,
and buys again. The article that dis-
graces him he refuses to buy again, and
we must hunt up another customer,
and that costs. The way is to make
the best, and to do this the consumer
must be consulted, and we give up
making butter and cheese by what
methods suit us best, and find out the
wishes of the other party and make for
him—and get his money.—Jason Jones
in Stockman.

FOOD FOR DAIRY COWS.
Comparative Value of Hay and Oats, Con-
sidered.

Hay and oats, admirable as they are,
according to Prof. Lusk, rank among the
dearest of stock foods, and the farmer
can try other materials which
will do the same work for a great deal
less money, and it is to his advantage
to do so if he has a knowledge of the
properties of food, and can mix them
for himself. Linseed, for example,
contains the fat which is so necessary,
and in the cheapest form. Three
pounds provides one pound of oil,
really more than enough for a large
cow—but it also contains some of the
lean and bread-like foods.

Corn-meal is one of the cheapest
foods known if bought when cheap. It
contains the bread of the ration with
small quantities of the fat and the lean
in addition; while cotton-cake contains
large proportions of the lean or oil-
bearing food and is the cheapest
food of this kind which can be ob-
tained. It also contains, or should
contain, pure, a large percentage
of oil or fat, so that a ten
per cent. cake would provide a beast
with half a pound of oil for every five
pounds consumed. Beans and peas are
also extremely valuable foods of the
same nature, being extra rich in lean,
which makes the lean of meat and the
curd of milk; but both foods are very
deficient in oil.

Linseed cake is not so valuable as
linseed, price for price, especially when
the quality of the cake is unknown.
We know what we get with the pure
linseed, but in the cake, as every one
knows who has experience, all kinds
of seeds are mixed, while the oil is so
pressed that very little is allowed to
remain. Cotton-cake is cheaper than
linseed, and contains more nourish-
ment; but it is more binding, and is
more valuable for use with roots,
grass, ensilage and Indian meal. If we
mix two foods, we might take Indian
meal or pea meal or cotton cake, or
rice meal and bean meal. Linseed
cake is not so well adapted for use
with rice meal or Indian meal, because
it is of singular nature, nor is it so
good for use with turnips or mangels,
unless for actual fattening purposes.
Now, cotton cake and maize are cheap
foods when well bought, much cheaper
than either oats, linseed cake or hay,
and they go further.

The cotton cake has the inestimable
advantage of being nearly as valuable
after passing through the cattle as be-
fore consumption, so much is the manure
enriched. We might, then, almost
make our ration for milking cows one
half pound linseed steamed in water,
three pounds of decorated cotton cake
and three pounds of Indian meal,
irrespective of the roots they will use.
If no hay, but plenty of roots and
straw, the four to five pounds of the
cake would be necessary. Bran is a
valuable food of similar nature to cot-
ton cake, except that it is not so bind-
ing, but it is, nevertheless, well adapted
for use with Indian meal, which is a
capital winter food, being very heat-
ing. We have stated that hay is the
dearest of all foods. This is because
it is necessary to consume so much of
it in order to extract sufficient nourish-
ment to maintain a large animal
and to provide her with the means of
manufacturing milk.—Holstein-Frisian
Register.

—How can a left-handed man expect
to write right?

THE POOL BETHESDA.
It Has Been Discovered at Last With Re-
asonable Certainty.

"We have generally an announce-
ment to make, but not often of so much
importance as that of this day. It is
the discovery of the Pool of Bethesda."

So writes Mr. Walter Besant in the
Quarterly Statement issued by the Pale-
stine Exploration Fund. He is jubilant,
as all Palestine enthusiasts are likely
to be, that a vexed question in regard
to a site is apparently settled forever.

Bethesda is mentioned only by the
fourth Evangelist. In the fifth chapter
of his gospel, John says: "Now there
is at Jerusalem by the sheep market
[or gate] a pool which is called in the
Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five
porches." The word translated
"pool" in the authorized version is
given by some authorities as "swim-
ming bath," and the phrase "pool by
the sheep market" is possibly better
rendered "sheep pool." Eusebius ex-
plains the occasional red color of the
water of this "sheep pool" as being a
trace of the carcasses of sheep washed
in it before sacrifice; hence the name.

There were, according to the Evangelist,
five porches, or porticoes, around the
pool. These, Dr. Giekie thinks, charity
built for the accommodation of suffer-
ers. It seems to us, however, equally
probable that they formed part of the
original scheme for the bath. Five
porticoes would seem to imply a pentag-
onal structure; but this is by no means
essential. A rectangular pool with a
porch on every side, divided by one
across the middle, would answer the
description. "Bethesda" (a Hebrew
name which was probably invented by
St. John) may mean either "house of
mercy" or "the place of the pouring
forth" [of water].

At the northeast of modern Jerusa-
lem, close to St. Steven's Gate, stands
the Church of St. Anne. At the time
of the Crusades it was a ruined
mosque, but when the French came into
possession of it they restored the church
and handed it over to the Algerian
monks. It is near this Church of St.
Anne, and in connection with exca-
vations made around it, that the real
Pool of Bethesda has recently been dis-
covered by Herr Conrad Schick. There
is a courtyard to the northwest of
the church, which leads through a new-
opened passage into another courtyard
some fifty-feet square. At the north of
this latter courtyard there was at one
time a small church. Beneath the floor
of this sometime church are vaults, and
through the floor of these vaults a cas-
tern is reached, cut into the rock to a
depth of thirty feet. This cistern is a por-
tion of the original Pool of Bethesda.
There is still water in it, but it is diffi-
cult to say whence it comes. This, in
brief, is Herr Schick's report of April
5. Since then further excavations have
been made, and he has prosecuted more
extended inquiries. A twin pool has
been discovered. Further examination
will bring more details to light, but it
may now fairly be assumed that the two
pools, tanks, or cisterns thus discov-
ered, really constituted the Pool of
Bethesda, "having five porches," where
Christ healed the paralytic of eight and
thirty years' standing.—Fall Mall Ga-
zette.

—There are many young men who
would give half their fortunes to have
a dear, good sister, and yet when a
sweet girl one of these young men
wants to marry offers to be a sister to
him he does not appreciate the strained
relation.—N. O. Picayune.

Remember.
ALLOCK'S are the only genuine PAIN-
KILLERS. They act quickly and with cer-
tainty, and are never known to cause
nausea or pain or inconvenience. They
are invaluable in cases of Spinal Weakness,
Kidney and Pulmonary Difficulties, Dy-
spepsia, Stomach, Rheumatism, Lumbago,
Sciatica, Heart, Spinal and Stomach
Troubles, and all local pains.

Beware of imitations, and do not be de-
ceived by misrepresentation. Ask for
ALLOCK'S, and let no explanation or
solicitation induce you to accept a substi-
tute.

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